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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN LANGHORNE.

VOL. II.

Et vos, O Lauri, carpam; et te, proxima Myrte!
Sic positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis odores.

Vire.

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C O N T E N T S

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THE
FATAL PROPHECY.

A
DRAMATIC POEM

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXV.

VOL. II.

B

CHARACTERS.

VALDEMAR

KING of NORWAY.

CANUTE

KING of DENMARK.

ASMOND

PRINCE of DENMARK.

LOTHER

SON of ASMOND.

OSTAN

}

DANISH CHIEFS.

BERINO

LENA

QUEEN of NORWAY.

AVILDA

PRINCESS of DENMARK.

Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

THE
FATAL PROPHECY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Canute's Palace.

CANUTE.

“**L**ET the sword sleep, and the grim-visag'd war
 “ In iron bondage rest”—so clos'd the strain
 That told my triumphs o'er the vanquish'd host
 Of ERIC—But the martial star, that rules
 The fate of DENMARK's Kings, to glorious toil
 Devotes their lives, and bids them close in blood.

B 2

—Then,

—Then, farewell peace! Farewell the flattering wish,
 That Nature, wearied with the weight of years,
 Indulges for repose! These silver hairs
 So thinn'd, so whiten'd by the stealth of time,
 Shall the hard helmet bruise, and this old arm
 Sustain the shield once more—was this the cause?
 Was it, presuming on my feeble age,
 That Norway's haughty Monarch durst invade
 The realm of Denmark?—By my sword, the thought
 New nerves each shatter'd limb—Forth from thy
 sheath,
 Friend of my glory!—one task more remains,
 Which well perform'd, together we'll repose,
 Companions in the grave.

SCENE II.

CANUTE, ASMOND.

CANUTE.

Son of my youth!

Say, Asmond, has the bold invader own'd

That,

That, envious of thy father's fame, he comes
 With great ambition to subdue Canute ?
 To mock the efforts of his feeble arm,
 And tear the laurels from his aged brow ?

ASMOND.

As yet the cause of VALDEMAR's descent
 Is not proclaim'd—but, if report be true,
 He comes not, mov'd by envy, or contempt,
 Or wild ambition—Vengeance is his motive
 For injur'd honour.

CANUTE.

Forty years are fled
 Since from his father's vanquish'd arm I won
 The spoils of Arvor.

ASMOND.

'Tis a recent cause,
 When crown'd with victory on the plains of Lemor,

The feast of triumph thro' these splendid halls
 Proclaim'd your high success—Each warrior chief
 That shar'd the toils of battle and the praise,
 Was then by name invited to partake
 The honours of your board—save only two——
 The friends alone had not your royal summons.

CANUTE.

Whom callest thou the friends?

ASMOND.

Known by that name
 Are Ostan and Berino ; Nature's twins ;
 To whom one heart she gave, one valiant heart,
 Generous and faithful—Side by side they fought
 On Lemor's plain ; each studious to divert
 The stroke directed at his dearer friend,
 More than to shield his own brave breast from harm.

CANUTE.

CANUTE.

Such virtues we admire ; nor were the friends
Rejected, but forgot.

ASMOND.

The seeming flight
Stung to the soul of honour——Patriot love,
And fair allegiance by the wound expir'd.
Rashly to Norway's hostile shores they fled,
And bow'd, tho' born in Denmark, meanly bow'd
To Valdemar your foe.

CANUTE.

Low-thoughted traitors !
But is it then by their persuasions mov'd
That Valdemar presumes t' invade my realm,
And hopes he with two fugitives of mine
To conquer me and Denmark ?

B 4

ASMOND.

ASATORD.

Fame has told

A different tale——Returning from the chase,
When first young Ostan came to Norway's queen,
And graceful threw his trophies at her feet,
Love, which is Nature's sympathy, and acts
Uninfluenc'd by reason, sudden seiz'd
The beauteous Lena——Instantly they fled
From Norway's realm to Denmark—and the fleet
Moor'd on our stormy coasts, pursued the lovers.

CANUTE.

Was this the cause? Then why not such proclaim'd
By the first herald that approach'd our shores?
We yield no refuge to the faithless wife,
Or guest ungrateful——Love, wherever plac'd
With innocence, might justly claim protection,

And

And Denmark's sons expect it from their king,
 Tho' worlds were in the way. But, Asmond, here,
 Tho' thou, methinks, wouldst smoothe a guilty passion,
 And found the cause in nature—Justice claims
 That here no sword be lifted but her own.

ASMOND.

Whate'er your royal wisdom shall determine,
 'Tis always mine t' approve ; for duty thus
 Is wisdom : but, alas ! when careless years,
 Elate with wild festivity of heart,
 Fly in full chace of pleasure, hard the task
 To stop the mad pursuit ! Eager of soul,
 Impetuous, and impatient of restraint,
 With passions uncontroul'd, and chusing still
 What wears the face of danger—Oftan brooks not
 Reflection's silent thought, nor hears the voice
 Of cool, deciding reason——yet he boasts

Virtues

Virtues that might his slighter foibles veil.
 The generous heart is his ; the living glow
 Of soul-uniting friendship ; scorning fear,
 And all that's low, or little, the sublime,
 Unconquer'd mind.

CANUTE.

A character like this
 Becomes a man of Denmark.

ASMOND.

Not less brave,
 Nor to his friend less faithful is Berino.
 But, temper'd mild, his equal virtues shine
 With steadier light, nor sully their fair flame
 With deeds of indiscretion. Led by friendship
 More than resentment, probably, he fled
 To Norway's court, and now resolves to share

In

In Oftan's fortunes, while he disapproves
His conduct.

CANUTE.

Virtues such as these may veil
Inferior faults; but where the public love
Is lost in private, friendship is a crime.

ASMOND.

The tongue of Asmond shall not plead for crimes.
But where a brave man's character is weigh'd,
Humanity would drop into the scale
Each circumstance of favour.

CANUTE.

Soon his bravery,
Or innocence, or both shall have their trial.
Is LOTHER yet return'd?

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

With every moment,
Such his young ardour for the works of war,
I now expect him——had he not your orders
To learn the cause of Valdemar's descent,
And mark the motions of his host?

CANUTE.

Such orders
He had from me——Delay not his report.

SCENE III.

ASMOND.

O wreaths of glory, won so oft, and worn
By the cold brows of Death!—How many sons
Have Denmark's ravag'd hills, and vales, bedew'd
With her own blood, bewail'd——Oft on her moors,
Marking

Marking the dim stone near the Warrior's grave,
 E'en the hard hunter stops, and from his eye
 Slow steals the stranger tear. The virgin sad
 Roves by the pale moon o'er the lonely heath,
 And, every fear forgot in strong despair,
 Mourns o'er the turf where the dear relics lie
 Of blasted hope and love——On Lemor's shores
 What numbers fell! and shall these ravag'd hills,
 These vales bedew'd with blood, once more bewail
 Their brave inhabitants? Shall Asmond live
 To mourn his future subjects? Painful thought!
 My aged father!——Shall the brave Canute,
 Now, all but trembling with the weight of years,
 Those years forgetting, meet th' impetuous foe,
 And bare his gray head to the hostile dart?
 Shall Lothar——at that name the parent bleeds,——
 Ere time has strengthen'd his unfinew'd arm,

Pour

Pour his young life upon the deathful plain,
And blast the hopes of Denmark?——

S C E N E IV.

ASMOND, LOTHER.

ASMOND.

Looks of joy!

Then, Lother, is the fierce invader fled?

Has he, more wise, withdrawn his hostile fleet,

And fought the rocks of Norway?

LOTHER.

Swift as winds,

His gleamy cars dart o'er the trembling plain,

And his dark squadrons hide an hundred hills:

From shield to shield the scatter'd sun beams dance,

Trembling in dreadful glory——O my father!

A conquest here is worthy the ambition
 Even of those valiant breasts that oft have conquer'd,
 E'en of the sons of Denmark—Let me share
 In the rich honours of that glorious day,
 Which drowns yon host in blood, and at your feet
 Thus gratitude shall fall.

ASMOND.

Lothar, no more!

If Denmark's king shall doom that unbrac'd arm
 Again to ache beneath the ponderous shield,
 And tempt the rage of war, we know our duty;
 Yet name it not, I charge thee, nor solicit,
 What well thou know'st, too prodigal of life,
 Thy prince would scarce refuse; but hast thou learnt
 The real cause that brings these ravagers
 On Denmark's war-worn coasts?

LOTHER.

LOTHER.

Report for once

Has brought a tale of truth. The brave Berino

(For Lemor's blood-stain'd heath has known him
brave)

Wand'ring I met along the midway hills,

Pensive, as one that courted solitude

To cherish painful thought. A manly sorrow

Sate on his noble aspect——when he rais'd

His drooping eye to me, like one he seem'd,

Whom generous shame could wound, unknown to fear.

With friendly words I hail'd him, and assur'd

His valour and his virtues still were dear

To Denmark's princes, though his rash revolt

Might rouse their just resentment——

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

Still remember
To treat distress with such humanity ;
For oft it is the lot of noble natures,
Tho' rashness were it's cause. What did he tell thee
Concerning this invasion ?

LOTHER.

" Mark," he cried,
" The waving ensigns of yon hostile camp !
" There read Berino's anguish and disgrace.
" For Norway's Queen, a fugitive of love,
" With my too daring Ostan, those dark hosts
" Invade my country ; prince, I blush to seem
" Associate in a cause like this, but friendship
" Still holds my heart to Ostan, nor in death
" Will I desert him."

VOL. II.

C

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

O distinguish'd honour !

Exalted sentiments, whate'er their object !

Lothar, we must not suffer this brave youth

To fall devoted in the threaten'd ruin,

A sacrifice to friendship—But the king

Expects each moment thy return ; inform him

Of what thou know'st minutely, nor forget

One circumstance in favour of Berino——

[Exit Lothar]

Avilda ! ah ! another grief ! But love,——

S C E N E V.

ASMOND, AVILDA.

AVILDA.

Didst thou not name Berino ? Yet that sound

Thrills on mine ear—Didst thou not name Berino ?

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

Love has no temples in the field of war,
And every weaker passion must give way
To Denmark's safety.

AVILDA.

Asmond, too, unkind?
Then am I lost indeed; yet tell me, prince,
My once most tender brother, tell Avilda
If she has yet one anxious hour to live,
Or is her dear Berino now condemn'd
To suffer for th' enormous crime of friendship?

ASMOND.

You wrong my tenderness if you suppose
I would not stretch my utmost power to save him—
That fault of friendship yet may render vain
My best endeavours—still attach'd to Ostan,

If with determin'd ardour he pursues
His dangerous fortunes.

AVILDA.

Asmond, from one source
The stream of life we drew—fed from one breast,
By one affection cherish'd—If that love,
That tenderest love, which melts in sisters heart,
E'er touch'd thy bosom, save the gallant youth,
From his own virtues save him ; if his friendship
Would urge him to destruction.

ASMOND.

Has my conduct
Made such intreaties needful ?

AVILDA.

Ever kind !
Forgive, once more, the vain sollicitudes

Of female fear and love—when the first sigh
 Stole from my breast unconscious ; when the tear
 Sprung sudden at the tender thought ; the blush
 Unbidden glowing ; when the lonely walk
 At eve's late hour withdrew me from the palace,
 In luxury of solitude, you mark'd
 This change of conduct with a brother's eye,
 Nor let the sweet distraction prey unknown
 In silence on my heart—For ever faithful,
 You kept th' important secret of my soul
 E'en from the object of my love, and promis'd,
 When Denmark's crown should rest on Asmond's
 head,

Each wish should be accomplish'd—what I've suffer'd
 From Ostan's rash revolt, what now I suffer
 From all it's dire effects, th' uncertain fate
 Of desolating war, and the firm justice
 Of our indignant father, Asmond, judge,
 And then forgive my weakness.

ASMOND.

Love oft strengthens
 A woman's courage, heightens oft her fears,
 Gives to the fearful an unwonted boldness,
 The bold unwonted fear. Tho' timorous now,
 Avilda oft has prov'd in fortitude
 The daughter of Canute——Her infant heart
 Beat to the trumpet's clangor——and her eye
 With pleasure glanc'd to meet the shining faulchion,
 Oft has her hand the temper'd cuirass bound
 On her brave father's breast——Oft has she beg'd
 At distance but to mark his glorious toil,
 And panted to pursue him thro' his dangers.

AVILDA.

Kind as thou art, why wouldst thou, prince, recall
 Past days of happiness, when my free breast

Knew

Knew no wild passions, felt no anxious fears,
Save for a father's, or a brother's safety ?

ASMOND.

Far happier had that kind anxiety
To Lemor's heath ne'er led thee !——yet if there
Thy virgin heart first yielded to the stroke
Of all subduing love——well hast thou won
The pity of that brother, on whose dangers
Thy dear affection drew thee to attend.

AVILDA.

O day ! to memory painful still and dear !
When glowing from the recent toils of war,
His bright locks scatter'd o'er his ardent cheek,
Careless—and Victory dancing in his eye,
Berino caught my soul—a wounded friend
Hung feebly on his arm, on whom he look'd
With inexpressive tenderness——

ASMOND.

That friend
 Was Oftan—Thro' the battle's bleeding van
 By headlong valour led, cover'd with wounds,
 Beset with foes, and the last stroke of death
 From every hand impending, the brave youth
 Flew to his rescue, and in triumph led him
 Tho' weak, to safety; thus he prov'd his friendship,
 And thus he won thy love.

AVILDA.

O love hard-fated!
 O friendship ill-repaid! Is this the meed?
 Is this the grateful recompence of life
 That Oftan gives his friend? Thus to involve him
 In all the evils that his own rash conduct
 Has drawn upon him!

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

To avert those evils
Is my immediate care—And thou, Avilda,
Encourage gentle hope ; of which one ray
For love's quick eye suffices. Denmark's safety
Our first attention claims—yet rest assur'd,
The object of a sister's happiness
Asmond can ne'er forget.

S C E N E VI.

AVILDA.

May all the powers
That watch o'er Denmark make thee more successful
Than my heart bodes—And—O thou Spirit that rul'st
The star whose bright urn sheds his golden light
O'er evening's azure veil ; thou spirit of Love,
That pour'st soft anguish into mortal hearts,
The painful tenderness, the sweet destruction

Of

Of peace and dear indifference ; gentle spirit,
 If ever Pity at thy rosy shrine,
 Prefer'd one tender vow ; if ever Hope,
 By thee inspir'd, not prophesied in vain ;
 Indulge the fond wish of one suppliant maid,
 And save, O save——

S C E N E VII.

AVILDA, BERINO.

AVILDA.

Audacious chief, who art thou ?
 That thus intrudest on the solitude
 Of Denmark's Princess——

BERINO.

May I hope for pardon ?
 Illustrious daughter of the brave Canute,
 You see no bold intruder, but a suppliant.

I came

I came a suppliant to the Prince of Denmark,
And, misdirected, hop'd to find him here.

AVILDA.

Wherefore a suppliant? Hast thou then a crime?

BERINO.

I cannot boast of innocence, but hope,
For this offence, that I retire forgiven.

AVILDA.

Stay, youth; perhaps my interest with my brother
May not be useless; and, methinks, that look
Ingenuous speaks a soul incapable
Of crimes beyond th' extent of royal grace.

BERINO.

O princess, more than worthy the fair fame
That all the North's extended regions fills

With

With your distinguish'd virtues ! fruitless here
 Were all your generous efforts to assist
 A wretch who courts the tardy hand of justice
 To save him from the anguish of remorse,
 And end a painful being—Know, I am
 Berino,——needs there more ?

AVILDA (*aside*)

Too well I know it !——
 Oh ! hold, my heart, thy purpose—But what here,
 What shall I say, or do ?—Direct me Heaven !

BERINO.

O Chief of Denmark ! O disgrac'd Berino !
 How fall'n from thy fair honours ! At thy name
 The cheek of virtue reddens, and the eye
 Of innocence with pity, or contempt,
 Or both, beholds thee.

AVILDA.

Youth, mistake me not,

I know

I know not anger, if I know contempt,
 'Tis for abandon'd and unblushing guilt.
 That, surely, is not thine—I am no stranger
 To the sad story of that joyless look,
 And that dejected eye : I am no stranger
 To the firm friendship which you bear to Ostan,
 It's glorious cause, or it's effects less glorious.
 Yet pity, surely, is at least your due ;
 And pity—was th' emotion that I felt
 For you and for your fortunes.

BERINO.

Generous princess !
 How ill, alas ! I've merited this goodness,
 Yon host-clad hills in threatening pomp proclaim
 Loud thro' the realm of Denmark—an associate
 In Ostan's flight I was—His friend I am,
 Nor even in Death will I desert him—Justice

To

To an offended Prince, the law of nations,
 Perhaps even Denmark's safety may demand
 One victim here——That victim let me fall——
 A Chief of Denmark given to his revenge
 May Norway's Prince appease, and the rich blood
 That pours a warm tide to each Patriot breast,
 It's azure urns retain.

AVILDA.

Mistaken Chief !

Too prodigal of life ! 'Twere vain to think
 That Norway's Monarch would accept a victim
 To favour *his* escape who wounds his honour,
 And violates his love——'Twere vain to hope
 That Denmark's King would doom the innocent
 And give the guilty freedom——Chief—yet more !
 Thy country may demand an arm like thine,
 Approv'd in valour—would'st thou, then, redeem

Her

Her alienated love ? would'st thou repair
The injuries thy daring friend has done her,
Live for her service and her safety——Thus,
And on these terms alone may'st thou expect
My royal father's, or my brother's favour——
That favour now I hasten to solicit,
And may the Gods that smile on Denmark guard
thee !

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Cottage in a mountainous Desert.

LENA.

DEAR, horrid hours of unpermitted joy !
 What anxious moments does the woman pass,
 Who riots in the arms of lawless love !
 But ah ! when Danger's threatening form invades
 The scene of stolen happiness; tho' dearer,
 Tho' then more exquisite the theft of bliss,
 Sure misery is behind——Perhaps, e'en now
 The troops of Norway range o'er these wild hills
 To seek their low-fall'n queen——with insolence,
 With all th' unmanner'd rage of vulgar power

They treat her name, and tread on her lost honour.

Perhaps e'en now—surrounding this poor cottage,

They meditate with rude hands unrestrain'd

By royalty, or awe of greatness lost,

To drag me to their injur'd king—oh! horror!

More than ten thousand deaths is in the thought.

Hah! heard I not the sound of hasty steps?

—No! all is silent—Peace, thou busy sprite,

Life-chilling Fear, that, acting still the friend,

Art in thyself a traitor—Thee the heart

Admits it's guardian—wrapt in thy embrace,

Thy cold embrace, it dies—and wakeful Prudence,

That watches thy alarm, oppress'd by thee,

Confus'd, defenceless, droops—O foe to Love!

Yet, ever in his train; with cruel skill

Prompting the anxious thought ! pale sprite, away !
For lo ! he comes, who never felt thy power.

S C E N E II.

LENA, OSTAN.

OSTAN.

O pride of Norway ! fairer than the dawn,
That o'er your snow-bright mountains breaks away
In pure, unspotted glory — Queen of charms,
Tho' Norway's queen no more ; the nobler empire
Of love, and beauty thine, why broods pale Fear
Upon thy damask cheek ? That beaming eye,
In whose soft rays a thousand graces play ;
Why is it clouded ?

LENA.

Dost thou ask the cause ?
When haply round these wild and desert hills,

With

With steps unwearied, and vindictive search,
Range the dark hosts of Norway——

OSTAN.

Vain that fear——

The toilsome circuit of these mountainous heights,
And all the ragged vales that stretch away
In horror from their sides, have I explor'd,
Nor seen one human form, save at his chace
The low-born peasant——

LENA.

Such a visitant,
In Ostan's absence, would not be less dreadful
Than a whole host of foes.

OSTAN.

Vain too that fear!
If at the sight of beauty tamely bend

D 2

The

The shaggy lion, shall a human monster
Indulge a thought of outrage ?

LENA.

Chief of Denmark !

Thou, only thou canst charm my busy fears,
And sooth to rest the heaving heart of care,
With thy enchanting presence—O belov'd !
And dearer still in danger ! Do not leave me !
Forfake me not, my Ostan ! since for thee,
I've left my royal honours, left my kingdom,
And every friend that fortune, or alliance
Had given me there, have forfeited for thee.

OSTAN.

Spirits of Denmark ! canst thou fear such meanness ?
Now by those air-born beings that preside
O'er these wild rocks, and ride yon waving clouds,

Should Valdemar exhaust his icy realms
 Of her rude-handed sons, 'till not one slave
 Were seen on all her solitary hills——
 Should he——surrounded with his iron-race,
 Invest this bough-built shed, he should not tear thee
 From my inclosing arms——

LENA.

Forgive me, Ostan!
 I know thee valiant, and believe thee faithful;
 Yet trembling for th' uncertain fate of war,
 Dreading the dire event of this invasion,
 And, fearful ev'n for thee who know'st no fear,
 Forgive this importunity of Love.
 One favour only would I now solicit,
 Which granted, soon it's wonted smile shall dwell
 On my dejected visage——Valdemar,

D 3

And

And all his host will vanish from my thought,
 And I shall deem this bough-built shed a palace.

OSTAN.

Can Lena ask what Ostan would refuse?

LENA.

Whate'er may be th' event of this invasion ;
 Rear'd on the tallest mount of Denmark's realm,
 Should Death and Ruin grasp their horrid hands
 In dreadful league ; and rush upon their prey——
 Should the war bleed thro' all her wasted vales——
 Should ghastly Slaughter unresisted rage,
 'Till his yell pierce the solitary van
 Of these sequester'd wilds—Assure me, Ostan,
 That neither by thy martial genius led,
 That neither tempted by the thirst of glory,

By

By hate of Norway's king, nor love reviv'd
Of thy once-flighted country, thou wilt join
The general ruin, wander from my side,
Or leave me to my fears.

OSTAN.

O torturing thought!

LENA.

Hah! dost thou hesitate?

OSTAN.

Fair queen, indulge me!

My country, tho' once slighted, when involv'd

In hostile ruin I behold, it urges

The cold blood to my heart—Why did you paint

In such strong colours the distressful scene?

D 4

LENA.

LENA.

To know myself the abject wretch I am.
 To know that thou wouldst leave me helpless here,
 Expos'd to savages, oppress'd with want,
 And overwhelm'd with fear, t' indulge the vain,
 The sanguinary thirst of battle——Go!
 No longer sooth me with false forms of love——
 Hear'st thou the clarion's sound? it calls thee from me.
 The battle bleeds, and wilt thou loiter here
 To parly with a woman?

OSTAN.

Queen of Norway!

LENA.

That title now is insult——would'st thou call me
 By any name my due——consult my follies,

And

And consequent misfortunes—from the train
Some epithet select ; with that address me,
And call me what I am, a wretch forsaken.

OSTAN.

O cruel to yourself ! Forego distrust,
Groundless and vain ! What has your Ostan done
To merit this unkindness ? That a sigh
Stole from his bosom o'er the painful scene
That Denmark's plains in prostrate ruin laid,
Why should it move thy fear, or thy suspicion ?
The heart that wakes to love's soft impulse, feels
The Patriot's ardor ; but thy shrine, O Love !
Thy sacred shrine shall never be deserted,
And all the wreaths of Valour, Victory, Glory,
Here will I sacrifice.

LENA.

And all the ties
Of friendship.

OSTAN.

OSTAN.

I have a friend, and interposing worlds——

LENA.

Shall not divide your fates——

OSTAN.

I have a friend——

LENA.

I know thou hast, and if that friend should join
In Denmark's cause against the arms of Norway,
Then wouldst thou——

OSTAN.

Be a tame ungrateful slave ?
No—By th' eternal Spirits that roll'd yon Sun
Into a globe of fire, and bad him burn

The

The cheek that never blush'd for broken faith,
While my heart beats, and while my hand can grasp
One dart of Vengeance, thro' the ranks of battle
Berino shall not urge his dangerous way,
While Ostan stays behind.——

LENA.

Lost, wretched Lena!
How vainly didst thou dream that thou wert first
In Ostan's heart.

OSTAN.

Thou art the first of women,
And from a warrior, Queen, what wouldst thou
more?
Shall I be base, ungrateful, faithless, false!
Shall I desert the friend that shar'd my fortunes,
My dangers shar'd—the friend to whose brave sword
I owe the last breath that I drew—the life
That animates this eye to look on thee,

This

This pulse that throbs at thy enchanting touch,
Shall I desert him, while this pulse can beat,
This eye can look on thee ?

LENA.

Hark ; didst thou hear
The sound of some approaching foot ? O save me !
Still it advances—Save me from the sword
Of Valdemar !

OSTAN.

Thy fears are vain !——'Tis he——
It is Berino.

SCENE III.

LENA, OSTAN, BERINO.

OSTAN.

Dearest, best of friends !
Embrac'd for ever in my heart—Approach,
And let my arms embrace thee !

BERINO.

BERINO.

Still my friend!

We am never change of fortune, or of time
 from my breast—while the soul wakes
 And the blood wanders thro' the veiny ways
 Of this mechanic being—still my friend!
 But ah! how useless my attentions now!
 And yet, I would have serv'd thee.

OSTAN.

Cease thy cares,
 And every kind anxiety for me.
 To see thee live, to hold thee to my heart,
 Is now my happiness, and wouldst thou wish
 This pleasure to continue; all the service
 I ask, or hope from thy unwearied kindness
 Is to partake of this unknown retreat,
 Companion to a Queen, tho' in a cottage.

LENA.

LENA.

Thrice gallant Chief! and worthy OSTAN's friend-
ship,

If aught my poor intreaties might avail,

In this retirement to detain thee, pride

And joy would soothe my heart, tho' Norway's

Queen

No more——

BERINO.

The powerful charm of friendship needs

No other motive—Trust me, beauteous Queen,

Would it ensure your safety—would it guard

My Ostan's life, amid these lonely shades

I'd dwell a Hermit to the dregs of age,

Feed on the wood's wild fruits with greater gust

Than at the palace board, and drink the fountain.

LENA.

Then, Chief, thou wilt not leave us, wilt not draw
Thy Ostan from my arms——

OSTAN.

For ever generous !

Berino, my full heart in silence thanks thee.

BERINO.

Yet this, my friends, is but a dream of safety.
Since, to avoid the dire event of war,
Should Valdemar demand, and Denmark's King
Agree to yield you victims to his rage,
In vain would you depend on these wild woods
To screen you from their search—united armies
Would ransack all these hills, and range these groves,
'Till not a sapling should remain unnoted.

LENA.

LENA.

Lost, wretched Lena ! Norway's haughty King !—
 Ah ! shall he blast thee with his flaming eye ?
 Shall he enfold his hard hand in thy hair ?
 And drag thee to the earth ? He shall, he shall—
 And there is no escape——

BERINO.

Yet, beauteous Queen !
 Suspend thy fears ; the pride of Valdemar,
 And high resentment haply may demand
 Such terms as Denmark's Monarch, keen to war,
 And delicate of honour, shall disdain
 To yield——

OSTAN.

What can we hope from thence ?

BERINO.

A battle
 Follows of course, and Valdemar may fall,

And

And Denmark's arms may conquer : by our service
By our united efforts in the field
'Twill then be our's that favour to regain
So needful to your safety.——

OSTAN.

Hateful service !
But not to be avoided—yet, my friend,
Yet when I think on all our glorious toil
On Lemor's shores repaid with negligence,
My vex'd blood boils, and every stroke my hand
Directs at Denmark's foes, my heart will envy.
Nay should Canute himself, with offer'd favour
Applaud my services—the tardy kindness
'Twould pain me to receive——

BERINO.

We are not now
So circumstanc'd as when the splendid feast

In Agar's echoing hall then crown'd the toils
 Of victory—By us o'erwhelm'd with foes,
 Our Country calls on her apostate sons,
 And warns us of our duty.

OSTAN.

Thou hast wak'd
 A thousand tender thoughts—Ah Denmark ! yes !
 I lov'd thy green vales, lov'd thy wild, brown hills,
 And oft ere manhood brac'd my limbs, have climb'd
 To their aspiring tops, with boyish fancy,
 To image armies in the evening-clouds.
 Oft, listening from the rock's projecting brow,
 My rapt ear fed upon the far-heard sounds
 Of the deep-toning horn, and my young breast
 Burn'd for the fancied battle. Ah ! my Country !
 I feel thee at my heart.

BERINO.

'Tis Nature's law.

She bade us love those native fostering fields
That spread their green laps for our infant sports;
And, acting still from kindness all her own,
She makes *love* gratitude, and *pleasure* virtue.

LENA.

Save, save me, Ostan! See thro' yonder glade,
An armed man walks warily along,
Looking as if in search—Hah! he approaches—

OSTAN.

He has the air of Lothar—

BERINO.

'Tis the same—

Why has he trac'd me into this retreat?
What can it mean?

E 2

LENA.

LENA.

What shall we do?

BERINO.

Retire,
And leave me to engage him—Your abode
If possible, must yet remain unknown.

S C E N E IV.

LOTHER, BERINO.

LOTHER.

This way he came, and surely here are traces
Of human art and hands——

BERINO.

Hail Son of Asmond!
Illustrious Hope of Denmark! Do I see
My Prince in this poor shed?

LOTHER.

LOTHER.

Distinguish'd Virtue,
Hid in a cave, or shining in a court,
Alike demands attention—Gallant Chief,
Shall Lother own that in this poor retreat,
Obscure, and in disgrace, thou yet couldst rouse
His soul to envy?

BERINO.

Prince, thou canst not mock me,
For thou art generous : but are grief and flight,
Endanger'd friendship, and insulted fame
Conditions to be envied?

LOTHER.

Not for these
I envy thee, but pity—the great Soul,
The nobly social Mind, of each mean view

Divested, firm and daring e'en to Death——
These, Chief, are thine, and these are to be envied.

BERINO.

By all but those who boast of equal Virtues,
And, therefore, not by Lothar—But to me
Why this fair palm of undeserved praise,
I know not——

LOTHER.

Denmark's Princess dost thou know?

BERINO.

Gracious and fair; yes, recent proofs I've had
Of her distinguish'd goodness—when I sought
The Prince, your Father's ear, she kindly offer'd
Her interest in my favour; but refus'd
To serve me in the only way I wish'd—
Yet then she shew'd me what I wish'd was vain
And even impracticable,

LOTHER.

LOTHER.

Yet the propofal
 Was great, was glorious, and became Berino.
 For that, brave Chief, I envy and admire thee.
 Gods ! to pour forth at Friendship's holy Shrine
 The young, warm vital tide—once more to rescue
 The friend thy valour fav'd before, and this
 By life's laft forfeit—

BERINO.

Were no facrifice
 Of fuch uncommon merit—What is life,
 Depriv'd of friendship ? When each charm is loft,
 Each dear dependence on the mutual heart,
 Firm, cordial, confident—then what is life ?
 Perish the mean wretch, whose low thought can hide
 One fordid wifh, that centers in himfelf—

To me no joy, no flattering scene of Hope
 To me is heart-felt, if no friend partakes
 The solitary banquet—Life itself,
 It's joys, its prospects uncommunicated,
 Is but a lonely dream, where waking thought
 Enjoys a Miser's pleasure.

LOTHER.

Brave I knew thee,
 Thrice gallant Chief, on Lemor's groaning shores
 I knew thee brave ; and now, well hast thou prov'd
 True valour only in the generous heart
 Holds his fair residence—'Tis my ambition,
 Nor is that pride unworthy of a Prince,
 To boast Berino's friendship—Chief, with thee,
 I mean to share the wreaths of glorious toil,
 With thee to pierce the deep-embattled Host,
 And, should thy brave breast lose it's faithful mail,

Amidst

Amidst advancing foes, with my own hands
I'll snatch this honest Cuirass from my bosom,
And bind it on thy heart.

BERINO.

Forget not, Prince,
That I'm a fugitive.

LOTHER.

By Heav'n thou art not——
Rapt with the luxury of love and praise,
My message was forgot—I came to tell thee
That Denmark's Monarch, with thy Virtues charm'd,
Gives thee free pardon ; and the Prince, my Father
Invites thee to his court.

BERINO.

Distinguish'd favours!

And

And worthy all acknowledgment ; but friendship
 My first attention claims—that duty paid,
 Expect to see me in the halls of AGAR,
 Obedient to my Prince. 'Till then adieu !

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Grove behind the Palace of CANUTE.

AVILDA,

W I T H what a dull pace the old hours of time
 Post to a lover's wishes !——Even thou,
 Slow-sailing moon, whose deep and cumbrous train
 Of dim clouds seems thy passage to retard,
 Mov'st with a swifter course, and o'er this grove,
 Since yet I've waited the return of Lothar,
 Thy transient rays have stol'n from tree to tree,
 'Till now 'tis left one deep-involving shade,
 Awefully silent.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

AVILDA, ASMOND.

ASMOND.

Daughter of Canute,
These lonely glooms are melancholy's empire,
Cherish it's saddening influence in the heart,
And feed the fires of love—Let thy attention
No more in Fancy's airy regions stray;
I bring thee tidings better to employ it.

AVILDA.

Is Lothar then return'd? and dost thou bring me
Hopes of Berino's safety?

ASMOND.

Doubt not that;
Tho' Lothar yet returns not—From the camp

Of

Of Valdemar a haughty herald came,
 Fraught with high menaces, and vain contempt
 Of Denmark's valiant fons ; such terms he brought,
 As our brave father with disdain rejected ;
 And when he heard the insolent demand
 Not of the noble fugitives alone,
 But of a tribute from his own lov'd realm,
 His aged arm with rage shook, and his eye
 Sparkled with honest vengeance. The proud herald
 There read his answer, and retir'd.

AVILDA.

'Twas well
 Methinks, the woman's tenderness gives way
 To nobler sentiments ; those terms of insult
 Have rous'd me from the weak captivity
 Of idle fear and love ; my Father's spirit
 Resumes it's long lost empire in my breast,

And

And I have now no other feelings there
But for his honour and for Denmark's safety.

ASMOND.

There in his daughter spoke Canute, and there
What was Avilda———Princess, still preserve
That higher tone of mind; nor, 'midst our dangers,
Sink into weakness: many cares await me.
Adieu!

S C E N E III.

AVILDA.

I feel strange tumults in my breast,
'Tis indignation swells it, at the thought
Of Valdemar's bold insult——Yet, methinks,
Fear presses on my heart—I know not why——

What

What should I fear ? All weaker passions fly,
Or ought to fly—This moment I discard them—
And think of nothing but a father's safety.

S C E N E IV.

AVILDA, LOTHER.

LOTHER.

Princess, thrice worthy of your generous care,
And kind protection was the gallant youth;
And well his virtues claim his Sovereign's favour.

AVILDA.

Talk not, young prince, in idle strains of praise
On private virtue ; when the public safety
Demands our sole attention ! Hast thou learnt
The haughty message from the camp of Norway ?

Thou

Thou hast not—Know then that the spirit of war
 Is rous'd to sleep no more, 'till by the hands
 Of death and havock his fell eyes are clos'd,
 And Denmark's sons are slaves, or Norway bends
 Her hard neck to the yoke——

LOTHER.

Perish the day,
 When Denmark's glory falls, and perish all
 That envy her fair honours! By the soul
 Of holy freedom,—by each sword that gleams
 O'er many an awful shrine of heroes dead,
 That grasp'd her to their hearts, I will not live
 To drag the bonds of any hanghty being
 That is not more than man, and, like myself,
 Breathes but by privilege of common air!

No, Lothar's life, and Denmark's honour wound
On the same fated clue, the hand of Death
Shall ravel off together—— [Going.

AVILDA.

Stay, young prince,
Thy patriot valour, and thy liberal mind
I knew, nor meant I to reproach thee——

LOTHER.

These
I go to prove—'till then withhold that praise.

AVILDA.

Yet stay—Methinks, some circumstance—You found
The friend of Ostan——

LOTHER.

So I would have told you.

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F

AVILDA.

AVILDA.

It matters not—a weightier business claim'd
Thy care, and claims it fill.

LOTHER.

I know it well.

[*Going.*

AVILDA.

Yet why this haste? That gallant chief, you said,
Was not unworthy of the royal favour.
But how did he receive it?

LOTHER.

With due sense
Of gratitude and duty; tho' some office
Of sacred friendship, claiming then his care,
Prevented his acknowledgment——

AVILDA. [*Aside.*]

Ah me!

I fear that friendship——Fear! I know it not——
Weak thoughts away!

LOTHER.

Princess, you seem to view
With fear unusual this approaching war:
Yet dread not the event——The sons of Denmark
Can still defend her daughters——The brave youth
Who has your royal father's pardon, soon
Will join our arms, and his well omen'd valour
Will make success less doubtful——

AVILDA.

Foolish heart!
Forego thy weakness! Prince, your present cares
Are due to Denmark——Let me not detain you.

SCENE V.

AVILDA.

O Love! Thou source of everlasting fears,
 And discontent, and pain! Suspend thy sway!
 Power of the throbbing heart, and pensive eye,
 Cease thy unquiet empire in my breast,
 And leave me to the calm society
 Of fortitude and reason——Sure I see,
 Or does the shifting shade deceive me? No—
 A woman wandering in this lonely grove!
 At this untimely hour!——Some wretch like me,
 Who vainly courting sleep to soothe her cares,
 Indulges them in these congenial shades.
 Perhaps another slave to the wide empire
 Of all-subduing Love——My own attendants
 I thought secure——

SCENE

SCENE VI.

AVILDA, LENA.

AVILDA.

Lady, to wander in these pensive glooms,
Preventing the fair harbinger of morn,
Speaks not a mind at ease—Perhaps some sorrow
Dwells on your burthen'd heart, or some soft care
Usurps the throne of rest—Command me, lady,
If I have power to serve you.

LENA.

My misfortunes
Are such as leave no exercise for hope,
As neither time, nor pity can redress,
And only death can end.

F 3

AVILDA.

AVILDA.

Then death, I fear,
Has brought them first upon you—has divided
From your torn heart some friend that it embrac'd,
And left you to the pangs of hopeless sorrow.

LENA.

Have you compassion? Are you touch'd with pity?
Seek not to know the cause of my distress—
The only favour you have power to grant me
Is an asylum from the searching world;
Some secret cell, where I may rest unseen,
The object of your private charity.

AVILDA.

Art thou oppress'd?—In fear of human hate,
Or violence?—Then look for sure protection

In

In Denmark's king—The justice of Canute
Will be your best asylum; and my care
Shall not be wanting with my royal father
To win you every grace——

LENA. [*Aside.*]

O wretched Lena!
What horrid fate hangs o'er thee?

AVILDA.

Ever just,
And studious to redress his injur'd subjects,
Tho' an impending war demands his cares,
You will be heard.

LENA.

Oh !insupportable!
Lost, lost is every prospect of escape!

F 4

AVILDA.

AVILDA.

What mean those wild words?

LENA.

Princess, you behold
 In me the cause of that impending war ;
 Then yield me to the justice of your father——
 Better to perish by a stranger's sword
 Than to the rage of Valdemar resign'd,
 Encounter shame, and insolence and scorn,
 Ere death, with purpos'd cruelty withheld,
 Shall end my wretched being——

AVILDA.

Powers of Denmark!
 Are you that hapless queen, whose fatal flight
 Brings the dark hosts of Norway on our shores?
 If so, what madness, or what strange mischance

Could

Could lead you to approach the residence
Of Denmark's Monarch?

LENA.

'Twas, indeed, mischance :
If aught by me may so be deem'd, whom hope
Has totally deserted.

AVILDA.

Should I pity,
I have no power to save you, queen!

LENA.

I ask
No other means of safety than to shun
The presence of the haughty Valdemar——
If you have no asylum, yet, even death
Will be protection, and I ask for that.

AVILDA.

AVILDA.

Alas! fair queen, I feel for your misfortunes,
Nor would I add to misery's heavy load,
Howe'er occasion'd—Pity I can give you,
But cannot give you hope—Should I attempt
To plead for mercy with my royal father,
Yet his strict justice might withhold his ear
From all compassion's eloquence could urge.
And thus my vain endeavours to protect you
Might hasten your destruction——

LENA.

Would your father
Yield me to Norway's king?

AVILDA.

I fear not that——

LENA.

Then nought have I to fear——

AVILDA.

AVILDA.

A haughty message
From Valdemar precludes all thoughts of peace
And every means of treaty——

LENA.

Ah rash friend!
Thou couldst foresee, then why not wait th' event?
Thy too impetuous virtues have undone thee,
And me, and all.

AVILDA.

What friend, whose virtues? Ha!

LENA.

You are no stranger to the young Berino,
The gallant friend of Ostan——

AVILDA.

Stranger! Queen!
What wouldst thou? No—Methinks I know that name.

LENA.

LENA.

Yes, I have heard him speak, with grateful pleasure,
Of Denmark's princefs—of your kind intentions
To recommend him to your royal father
As not unworthy his indulgence——That,
Tho' by no meaner messenger declar'd,
Than Denmark's second hope, the son of Asmond,
He held inferior to the ties of friendship,
Nor would enjoy one shadow of enlargement,
Freedom, or hope, that Ostan could not share.

AVILDA. [*Aside.*]

Hapless Avilda! destin'd to regret
Those virtues I admire!

LENA.

Yet had this zeal
Been bounded here!—but from his parting words

Too

Too plain he meant a sacrifice to friendship
That friendship could not bear——

AVILDA.

Death to my heart!
Forbear! What wouldst thou say? proceed——

LENA.

You seem
With no indifferent eye to view my fortunes—
This generous pity——

AVILDA.

Torture worse than death!
What didst thou mean? what sacrifice?

LENA.

Himself.

AVILDA.

AVILDA.

Whom?

LENA.

Negligent of life, the brave Berino
To Valdemar a twofold challenge sent,
One, in behalf of Denmark, to engage
The bravest chief of Norway; if success
Should crown his first attempt, a bold defiance
Of Valdemar himself, in Ostan's name,
To break the shivering lance——

AVILDA.

Was this accepted?

LENA.

I know not that; in vain with prayers and tears
I sought to win him from his purpose—conscious

That

That Ostan would not suffer him alone
 To try the dangerous combat—This I fear'd,
 Nor groundless were my fears; for tho' Berino
 Conjur'd his friend by all the ties of honour,
 By every thought of kindness, to relinquish
 This enterprize to him, nor then permitted
 To join his steps, impatient soon he follow'd.
 Ere long the noise of hunters at the chace,
 Or rovers sent from the Norwegian camp,
 Drove me in terror from my lone retreat,
 And wildering night has led me to these shades.

AVILDA.

That tale, O wretched queen, that tale is pregnant
 With horror, death and ruin, more than thou
 Canst feel, or fear—Affairs of highest import
 Demand the present moment—Queen, farewell!

My

My women shall have orders to attend you
To some more hospitable place.

S C E N E VII.

LENA.

In death——

In the dark mansions of unconscious dust
Alone can such a place be found——for there
Terror, tho' deep in his own darkness wrapt,
Knocks at the heart in vain——The inward eye
Of guilt is clos'd in endless night ; and there
The cheek of shame is pale—Ha ! who approaches,
A man ?——perhaps some friendly messenger
Dispatch'd, in pity, by the good Avilda
To serve me with his honest sword.

S C E N E

SCENE VIII.

LENA, ASMOND.

LENA.

Approach ;

And, if some useful minister of fate,
Be kindly expeditious——Let thy sword
Close the dark scene of terrour, and defend me
From what I dread the most, a living death.

ASMOND.

Deem not the prince of Denmark an assassin.

LENA.

I knew you not—forgive me, prince renown'd
For wisdom, genius and humanity,
Far as your father's arms—The name of Asmond,

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Each

Each lisping orphan can repeat, and widows
 By him supported, smiling o'er their babes,
 Teach them the name of Asmond. O that fate
 Which gave me birth in Denmark, there had kept me
 In some poor shed an object of his bounty ;
 Nor rais'd me, by I know not what strange steps,
 To Norway's hated throne ; where never peace,
 Or freedom smil'd upon my wretched hours——
 To shun the haughty Valdemar's rude arms,
 Gloomy as death, and as the savages,
 That range his hills, ferocious——to behold
 Once more my native country—These were motives
 Of no inferior force to urge my flight,
 Tho' haply still the busy voice of fame
 Ascribes it solely to a different cause.

ASMOND.

Heavens ! and are you then that ill fated queen ?
 But how ! in Denmark born ? 'twas ever said

I

And

And still believ'd, that Valdemar espous'd
The daughter of a chief of Norway——

LENA.

Thus

It was reported; but to serve what purpose,
I never yet could learn—'Twas false, however,
In every circumstance—the tender matron
Who rear'd my infancy with gentlest care,
And lov'd me with a parent's fondness, told me
In the last words of life, that I was born
In Denmark, and from thence by stealth convey'd:
More she could not—but, speechless, to my hand
Convey'd this bracelet, as if this might prove
Some token of my birth——

ASMOND. [*Looking on the bracelet.*]

Oh!—O my child!

My daughter!

G 2

LENA.

LENA. [*Throwing herself at his feet.*]
Pitying Heaven!

ASMOND.
Oh!——my lost child!

LENA.
Indulgent Heaven! hast thou no mercies left?
O strike me, strike me dead!

ASMOND. [*Raising her.*]
My long lost child!

LENA.
Still lost! for ever lost!——oh! is it thus
I find a parent? Thus I meet a father,
With guilt and ruin in my train? And can you,

Do

Do you forbear to spurn me from you? Far
As earth from heaven to spurn me—? Dear, good
prince!

Methinks, you weep——

ASMOND.

Thou art, indeed, ill-fated——
Snatch'd, when an infant, from thy nurse's arms,
And borne we knew not whither—Each pursuit,
And every search was vain; tho' then at war
With Norway, such base rapine in a foe
We could not even suspect—This well-known bracelet
With her own hands thy tender mother lock'd
Upon thy little arm——

LENA.

Ha! does she live?

Shall I behold her?

G 3

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

No—in the cold grave
Long has she slept, unable to survive
The loss of thee.

LENA.

O wretched! O my heart!
This is too much—— [Faints.

ASMOND.

Help! Help! My child! My daughter!
[Bears her off.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A distant view of the Norwegian Camp.

OSTAN, BERINO.

BERINO.

ONE sacrifice my honest sword has paid
 To honour and to Denmark, one remains
 To friendship and to Ostan: That discharg'd,
 My heart shall lay it's load of duty down,
 And I shall be at rest; ev'n tho' the hand
 Of Valdemar prevail, in glorious rest,
 While honour, valour, friendship o'er my grave
 Shall strew the monumental wreath——

G 4

OSTAN.

OSTAN.

That hour

When the light beams upon my conscious eye,
 And it beholds thy pale corse on the ground,
 May tenfold darkness seal it ! may I wander
 Wretched and blind, the sport of wantonness,
 And coward-fear hang on my abject heart,
 Dreading e'en Death !

BERINO.

Have I not known thee brave ?
 And all the generous ardor of thy friendship
 Have I not oft experienc'd ?—Leave to me
 This equal combat ; where 'tis arm to arm,
 And only life to life—A helpless woman
 Demands your aid, and would you stay to guard
 An armed warrior ? Let the Queen of Norway
 Be Ostan's care. Berino shall attend !
 The King.

OSTAN.

OSTAN.

For Lena's safety I depend

On her unknown retreat.

BERINO.

For mine depend

On my known sword.

OSTAN.

But did not Valdemar

Suspend his answer to your second challenge?

BERINO.

Yes, 'till the sword of Sweno should be tried

In Norway's cause, as mine was drawn for Denmark :

Since that event has ended in my favour,

I wait each moment his acceptance.

OSTAN.

OSTAN.

Love

Can justify the faults of Love, and friendship,
Perhaps, may do the same—I owe thee much :
Yet thou, methinks, hast cancell'd in this challenge
A part of my vast debt, since thou hast robb'd me
Of the high honour, and the great revenge
Of meeting Valdemar in arms.

BERIND.

Believe,

There is no debt uncancell'd, and forgive
The robbery, if such it must be deem'd,
Tho' 'twere but for the motive—On thy care
Depends the safety of a Queen—For me,
I live but for my friend, and in his service,
A life of labour, or a death of wounds
Alike were welcome——

OSTAN.

OSTAN.

O beyond the world,
Belov'd, admir'd, exalted ! my Berino,
Greater in thy misfortunes, to be envied
More for thy virtues than the pomp of Kings,
Still let me thank, and still embrace thee—yield
But yield me this one wish, and let my hand
Engage the King of Norway.

BERINO.

'Tis not mine
To yield, or to withhold it now—the law
Of arms and honour binds me to the form
Of my first challenge ; nothing but the choice
Of Valdemar can change the terms.

SCENE

SCENE II.

OSTAN, BERINO, a NORWEGIAN HERALD.

OSTAN.

Thy ensigns

Speak thee an Herald from the King of Norway.

Hast thou no charge to me?

HERALD.

My message is

To Ostan and Berino.

OSTAN, BERINO.

Thou hast found them.

HERALD.

Thus then the King of Norway and the Isles,

The high-born Valdemar, sprung from the race

Of Odin—First to Ostan, chief of Denmark:

As

As thou hast basely broke the laws of nations;
Each tie of Hospitality and Honour,
And injur'd his best interests—First to thee
Deadly defiance, with high scorn he sends
To try the mortal combat.

OSTAN.

By the foul
Of mighty Thor, whose brave blood warms my veins,
Herald I bid the welcome.

HERALD.

And thus, the King of Norway and the Isles,
The high-born Valdemar, sprung from the race
Of Odin, to Berino friend of Ostan—
Associate in his crimes, and of his cause
The forward champion, when his trembling helm
Shall yield to the flesh'd sword, thou next enjoy
The privilege of death.

BERINO.

BERINO.

Vain menaces !
 And impotent as vain—Words ill become
 A warrior, Herald ; but bear back this message
 To thy proud Prince, and tell him from Berino,
 That his stunn'd hosts shall hear the dogs of Denmark
 Howl at his thin ghost ere to-morrow's sun.

S C E N E III.

OSTAN, BERINO.

OSTAN.

Once more, my friend, with pleasure I embrace thee,
 Who never brought distress upon my heart,
 But by unbounded kindness—There, indeed,
 Long hast thou play'd the tyrant—long oppress me
 With ill-deserved favours ; but to Fortune
 I owe this triumph o'er thy friendly zeal ;

And

And let thy brightening looks, my gallant friend,
Allow me leave to thank her.

BERINO.

Let her perish !
Infidious foe to every great design,
And every generous deed ! she binds the brave
In the same manacle that grasps the limbs,
The vile limbs of the coward ; many a mind,
Of noble mould, and Heaven-informed soul,
She dooms to watch a peasant's nod, and leads
The sneaking steps of slaves and fools to honour.
If yet she reigns on earth, may the right hand
Of Odin thrust her to the realms of night,
Eternally to perish !

OSTAN.

Yet, my friend——

Yet let not discontent dwell on thy brow !

Let

Let not chagrin hang on the few short hours
That may remain to friendship !

BERINO.

Does thy heart
Inform thee that those hours shall be but short ?
Wilt thou relinquish—

OSTAN.

By the holy ties
Of everlasting truth, I charge thee, name not
What dwells upon thine eye ! Beware, my friend :
Think'st thou that I can fear, or canst thou doubt
The sword of Ostan ?

BERINO.

Never thoughts like those
Betray'd thee to my heart—

SCENE

SCENE IV.

OSTAN, BERINO, AVILDA *in disguise as a messenger*
from the King of Denmark.

AVILDA.

The King of Denmark
Commands Berino to attend him.

BERINO.

Were
His orders urgent?

AVILDA.

To the present moment.

BERINO.

The King shall be obey'd.

SCENE V.

OSTAN, BERINO.

BERINO.

This ill-tim'd message
Is most perplexing — the short space that lies
Before th' approaching combat, should be sacred
Alone to friendship.

OSTAN.

Yet, methinks, 'tis well.
This is no time to yield the fervent heart
To gentler sentiments, or dear remembrance
Of kindness past; when fortitude should fix
On the firm breast her adamantine seal.
But still one scene of tenderness remains—
One softer moment to the Queen of Norway,
Ere my sword reach the heart of Valdemar.

BERINO.

'Till that event, then, we shall meet no more.

Let us embrace, my friend !

OSTAN.

Adieu !

BERINO.

Adieu !

SCENE VI.

BERINO.

Be still my heart ! nor let unmanly softness
Thy firmer tone relax !—To breathe short sighs,
To feel anxieties, and boding fears,
Is female friendship—Yet the cause is obvious.
I dread that Ostan's feebler arm will fail
Against the powerful sword of Valdemar—

H 2

And

And should it fail—ah death to friendship—why,
 Why would not fate permit me to enjoy
 The ~~prior challenge~~ ? Why this sudden message
 That calls me to the court of Denmark ? Strange
 That circumstance, and unexpected—Sure
 I've heard that voice—I've seen that messenger—
 In speech, in features strongly he resembled
 The fair Avilda ; whose kind offices
 Have been so oft exerted in my favour.
 Ah ! could I but aspire to hope ! vain hopes !
 Romantic wishes hence ! should I encourage
 By idle visions that long-smother'd flame
 Which nature kindled, reason still repress ?
 Peace ! foolish heart ! was I not yesterday,
 A fugitive, an exile in disgrace—
 Ha ! yet again ?

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

BERINO, AVILDA *in the same disguise.*

AVILDA.

Why wilt thou thus delay? Chief, let me warn thee
That thy immediate presence is expected
At Denmark's court. And as thou mayst respect
The favour of thy prince, it well becomes thee
With haste obedient to attend his pleasure.

BERINO.

I own it, gentle Herald, and I thank thee
For this repeated caution; want of duty
Occasion'd no delay; but hast thou learnt
The purpose of this message?

AVILDA.

If I have,
Yet my commission only was to bear it.

H 3

BERINO.

BERINO.

By all my best, and dearest hopes 'tis she !
 Now love direct me ! Prudence be my guard ! [*aside.*
 The generous favour of the brave Canute,
 And more, far more than merited indulgence
 Have join'd the ties of gratitude to duty.
 Much likewise do I owe the Prince of Denmark,
 To Lothar much ; but to the fair Avilda
 What am I not indebted ? to her favour,
 To her kind offices alone I owe,
 And wish to owe her royal Father's pardon.

AVILDA (*aside.*)

Ah flattering to my heart ! but is this language
 With which Berino would address a Herald ?
 For Norway's realm and all her icy Isles
 I would not be discover'd—Gallant Chief,
 There is no time for parley——

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

BERINO.

Is she gone ?

Gone, banish'd by my thoughtless indiscretion !

How idle ! how absurd to name the Princess !

She blush'd, and fled in fear of a discovery.

Such is the fate of Love, blind, witless love,

For ever working it's own overthrow ;

Yet shall my steps at distance trace her flight,

My straining eye toil for another glance,

And she shall prove my kind conducting star,

To her own fair abode, the court of Denmark.

S C E N E IX.

A Plain before the Norwegian Camp.

VALDEMAR.

Where are those powers, those spirits of revenge,

H 4

That

That issue from the darkest depth of Hell,
 And whip the groaning world ? Ye fiends accurst,
 Why are ye yet so slow ? Revenge delay'd
 Is tenfold torture ; tho' the sweetest passion
 That ever wak'd the heart, if the rais'd arm
 Be once arrested in it's rapid motion,
 How bitter does it grow !—Curse on this stripling
 That trifles with my rage, while I debase
 The Monarch to engage a petty Chief !
 Yet in the general conflict might he scape
 The thunder of my arm, and yield another
 The life he owes to me ; hence I descend
 To this decision ; tho' contempt, at last,
 Has swallow'd up revenge, and when he shrinks
 Beneath my searching sword, I shall behold him
 With more disdain than pleasure.

S C E N E

SCENE X.

VALDEMAR, OSTAN.

OSTAN.

Tyrant ! savage !

Where have thy minions borne her ? are they fled
To the dark defarts of that ragged kingdom,
Which thou and bears divide ? fled from my sword ?
But they have left me thee !

VALDEMAR.

Now hold, my rage,

A moment——Fled ? alas ! good Chief ! fled, say'st
thou ?

No—Lena could not leave thee ! fond and faithful,
Could she forsake thee, Ostan ? Surely, no !
Haply she wander'd forth to gather food,

Berries,

Berries, or acorns of the wood ; for Lena,
The faithful Lena could not leave thy side.

OSTAN.

Blue lightnings blast thee, and thy coward bands,
That meanly stole her from me when alone,
And unprotected !

VALDEMAR.

Is it possible ?
No! gallant Chief ! Thou couldst not leave a woman
Without protection—Leave a Queen that lov'd thee,
A faithful Queen ! for such uncourtly act
She might, indeed, forsake thee—She might stray,
For she had stray'd before——

OSTAN.

Yes know, proud King !
To thy eternal torture, know she lov'd me !

Oh !

Oh! she was kind! with easy fondness kind!
 Soft as the evening-breeze that sinks to rest
 Within the folding flower—tender as light,
 When dawning o'er the dewy rose it pours
 A mild and cautious ray—In my fond arms
 O what sweet tumults swell'd her snowy breasts!

VALDEMAR.

Peace slave!

OSTAN.

What nameless soft emotions beam'd
 In her fair eye! What lovely languishment!

VALDEMAR.

Insolent slave!

OSTAN.

O hours of extasy!
 When thrown at ease upon my circling arm,

Her

Her beauteous head, and many an upward glance
Fraught with sweet meaning, silently invited
The frequent kifs.

VALDEMAR.

May all the powers of Hell
Blast thy vile tongue!

OSMOND.

O rapture-giving hours !
When mingling foul with foul, and breast to breast
Beating responsive pleasure ! Hours of transport !
Urge the flow wing of time, and to my bosom
Restore my Lena.

VALDEMAR.

By the Gods of Norway
I will not wait the slow formalities

That

That custom has assign'd the combat—Insult
Like this demands immediate chastisement. *[draws.]*

OSTAN.

'Tis as I wish'd. *(draws.)*

VALDEMAR.

Sword of my father now

Be faithful——

[They fight : the sword of Valdemar is broke.]

——Curfes on thy shivering blade !

OSTAN.

Replace thy sword.

VALDEMAR.

[Snatching a dagger

from his bosom, plunges it into the breast of Ostan.]

This shall replace it.

OSTAN.

[110]

OSTAN.

*[Making a thrust at Val-
demar misses him, and falls.*

Coward !

O villain-handed slave.

VALDEMAR.

[Smiling over him.

Stay ; live good Chief,

Tell me where I shall find the Queen of Norway,
And she shall once again partake thy flight.

OSTAN.

Is she not in thy power ? By Heaven, that thought
Revives me—Yet, Berino !—Oh !—Revenge ! *(Dies.*

VALDEMAR.

No ! that is mine—I live, I live to feel it.

The

The vaunting heroe, the rapacious lover——
Pale, pale he lies—O for ten thousand daggers
Sped with like vengeance to each Danish heart,
'Till all her yellow-tressed sons shall shrink
At the Norwegian crest, and all her daughters
Weep o'er the graves of lovers !

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

An area in the centre of a deep grove.

ASMOND, LENA.

ASMOND.

DE E P in the centre of this solemn grove
 Repose the royal ancestry of Denmark.
 And where that tall pine spreads it's guardian shade,
 My lov'd Arvina rests——

L E N A.

[Kneeling over the grave.]

O let me bathe
 With many a duteous tear the cold, cold earth

That

That hides the buried parent ! Dear remains !
O honour'd ashes ! have ye no kind spark,
No conscious spark of life, which sleeping yet
The breath of filial fondness might awake !

ASMOND.

Cease, child ! This tenderness renews my sorrows.

LENA.

How can I cease ? For was not I the cause,
The wretched cause——

ASMOND.

Of misery past redress——

LENA.

[Sill kneeling and looking on the grave.]

O Princess ! Parent, whose heart-breaking Love
Led thee untimely to these seats of Death,

Look thro' the veil of everlasting night,
 And view thy hapless daughter! View her!—no—
 For thou art innocent, and the fair flower
 Springs pleasantly upon thy grave—To see—
 In thy own offspring to behold a wretch,
 A guilty wretch! Thy spirit would recoil
 And seek once more a refuge in the Dust.

ASMOND.

Guilty! O horror!—O my blind affection!
 Yes, thou art guilty—hast thou not disgrac'd
 Thy royal lineage? Hast thou not foregone
 Each claim to virtue in a subject's arms?

LENA:

Thou gav'st me life; thou only may'st resume
 The fatal gift—And shall thy sword delay?
 Have I not been the cause of every woe

That

That wounds thy honest heart ? Look on that grave !
 Did I not rob thee of the gentle breast
 That lies unconscious there——

ASMOND.

Why wilt thou rend
 My foul ?

LENA.

Was I not yielded to the arms
 Of Denmark's hated foe ? Has he not triumph'd
 O'er Asmond, greatly triumph'd in his daughter ?
 And shall the object that has brought upon thee
 Disgrace and misery live ?

ASMOND.

Thou art my child !——

LENA.

Haft thou forgot that I'm a fugitive,
A guilty fugitive? Led by weak love
Of Oftan, have I not brought infamy
On Denmark's royal race?

ASMOND.

By mighty Thor!
That, that is insupportable, and thou
Must fall a victim to thy hapless fate,
And wretched folly——Thou must die——

LENA.

I thank you——,

ASMOND.

A living instance of disgrace to Denmark!
Thy King, thy Father! By our guardian Gods;

That

That is not to be borne——

LENA.

O best of parents !

ASMOND.

What wouldst thou say ? Thou wouldst not wish for
life.

LENA.

For misery ? No ! 'Twould be unnatural
For me to wish, unkind for you to grant.
To give me death will be a father's gift——

ASMOND.

Dreadful alternative ! Thou must not fall
By vulgar hands——And shall a parent's arm——
O feebleness of heart !

I 3

LENA.

LENA.

Then, should the arms
Of Valdemar prevail ; to swell his triumph,
To soothe his pride, and satiate his revenge,
Asmond will yield his daughter——

ASMOND.

Wretched woman!
How dost thou urge thy fate ! Tho' my heart fears not
For Denmark's cause—yet should the chance of war
To Valdemar restore thee—Horror ! horror
Is in the thought—Canst thou behold this dagger ?
Or is it's keen and shining point more dreadful
Than such a dire event ?——

LENA.

Thou seest me firm——
Why wilt thou thus delay ?

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

Arvina's eye

Arrests my lingering hand.

LENA.

Ah me! my father!

What dost thou see?

ASMOND.

Beware! nor call me father——

The needful purpose shrinks within my breast—

Even now it shrinks, while in her daughter's eye

I meet my lost Arvina——

LENA.

Hide it tears——

Conceal the vain resemblance——

ASMOND. (*Embracing her.*)

Oh! my daughter!

Still, still my child! tho' misery and misfortune
Are in thy train——

LENA.

And infamy, and guilt.

ASMOND.

In vain, ill-fated woman, wouldst thou urge
Thy wretched father's hand against thy life.
While all the powers of nature and affection
In their strong cords restrain it—O'er that grave,
Arvina's hovering Spirit seems to frown,
Indignant of the dire intent—Farewell!
The trumpet's sound proclaims th' approaching battle,
And one short hour decides the fate of Denmark.

Should

Should Norway's arms succeed, we have no choice
Save what a friend like this affords——

[Throws down a dagger.]

SCENE II.

LENA.

[Taking up the dagger.]

Then come,
Cold and insensible, but honest friend!
From rending grief, from rude-affailing cares,
From shame's quick pang, and from the quiver'd
eye
Of the fell archer, Scorn, thy friendship saves.
And shall I then delay to yield admission
To such a guardian guest? Shall I refuse
My bosom to a friend who kindly offers
Such happy privilege?

SCENE

SCENE III.

LENA, LOTHER.

LOTHER.

Art thou the Queen of Norway?

LENA.

Chief of Denmark,
Whoe'er thou art, forego such vain enquiries,
And instantly withdraw——

LOTHER.

O yes, the same!
Dear, hapless woman, drop that fatal weapon.
And meet my first, my fond embrace——

LENA.

LENA.

Rash youth,
Intruding stranger, hence——

LOTHER.

I am no stranger——
Embrace thy brother!

LENA.

[Letting fall the dagger.]

Hah!

LOTHER.

The son of Asmond——

LENA.

O my torn heart! a brother! sure I know not
A sister's love, I cannot be a sister——

Yet,

Yet, if thou art my brother, gentle youth,
Then I will weep for thee——

LOTHER.

O let me hold
A sister to my heart !

LENA.

Fond youth, forbear ;
Embrace not misery——

LOTHER.

My lost, lov'd sister, welcome to my breast !

LENA.

Thou hast no sister ; and I have no brother,
No father, and no friend—I stand alone
The property of woe, the hapless victim

Of

Of cruel Fate and Folly——

LOTHER.

Cherish hope :

For by the holy verdure of this grave,
Where sleeps our tender mother, thou shalt be
My sister still——And thou, O parent, hear
This duteous vow——Mine eye shall never rest,
'Till vengeance reach the cause of each misfortune
That waits thy hapless daughter——

LENA.

Kind in vain !

Let us no longer stain with idle tears
These flowers that spring upon the honour'd dust
Of Denmark's Princess.

LOTHER.

Let me then conduct thee

To

To some less gloomy scene, where grief collects not
Fresh horrors from congenial shades and silence.

LENA.

Leave me, good Prince! these melancholy bounds,
These regions of forgetfulness and death
Are the fit walks of sorrow—Do not now
The cares of war await thee?

LOTHER.

But to see,
And to embrace a sister, never seen,
Never before embrac'd, I stole one moment
From the approaching battle—Valdemar
Already riots on revenge, and feeds
High dreams of victory, since Ostan fell
Beneath his single arm—Farewell my sister!

Fear not that vengeance shall repay his rapine;
Live and encourage hope——

[Takes up the dagger as he goes off.]

S C E N E IV.

LENA.

Is Oftan fall'n?

Ill-fated youth! I should have griev'd for Oftan,
Had not distress and terror steel'd my heart
To every soft affection——He was brave——
He lov'd his friend——He lov'd——Ah guilt and ruin!
Ill-fated youth to fall by Valdemar!
And glut his fell revenge! Yet may not I
Find the same horrid fate? No——Where's my friend,
Where is my father's gift? Tho' 'twere a dagger,
It was his daughter's portion——yet his son
Has robb'd her of it——But I must not lose it.

[Exit, in pursuit of Lothar.]

S C E N E

SCENE V.

BERINO, AVILDA.

BERINO.

This hour is pinion'd with the eagle's plume,
 Danger and glory dwell upon it's wing,
 And every new stroke wafts a sacrifice,
 To the fair shrine of honour—generous princess,
 Whose favour is the glory of my life,
 My soul's first pride and treasure—say, what cause
 Withholds me now from the united force
 Of Denmark? Am I then unworthy deem'd,
 Once a deserter from my honour'd country,
 To aid her arms, or join her just revenge?

AVILDA.

Forget, brave youth, what never would employ

One memory save your own—Care, only care
Of your distinguish'd life——Belov'd by Lothar,
Esteem'd by Asmond, honour'd by Canute,
Avilda's friendship, following the regard
Of Denmark's princes would consult your safety.

BERING.

The blazing sceptre, the high-waving plume
Of conquering valour, the full glow of joy
That flushes o'er the cheek of victory,
Have no charm equal to that tender care,
That condescending kindness——

AVILDA.

Then avoid
The fate of Ostan ; nor oppose thine arm
Singly against the sword of Valdemar,
But wait the chance of battle——

BERINO.

Oftan's fate!

AVILDA.

Is now determin'd——

BERINO.

By th' eternal gods,
It must not—shall not be—my friend, my friend,
My Oftan is not fallen.

AVILDA.

Unwillingly

I'd bear unwelcome tidings, did not hope
That gentle pity might relieve the pain
Of wounded friendship—did not flattering hope
That I might sooth it's anguish, and restrain
Th' incautious hand of self-expos'd revenge,
Prevail o'er other motives——

BERINO.

BERINO.

Oh! Revenge!

Even now delay'd too long! Dear, fallen friend,
Dost thou not now reproach me? Dost thou not
With cold disdain behold my loitering sword,
And blast my tardy hand with all the curses
That wait on broken faith? Princess farewell,
A few lost moments more may take for ever
The means of vengeance from me.

AVILDA.

Lost, indeed,
The moments you devote to me, and lost
Those cares and gentle offices of love,
Which idly hold you here.——

BERINO.

Sounds, sounds of magic!

K 2

En-

Enchantments! Dreams! Delude not my lost senses!

Love——Did not love——

AVILDA.

The word unguarded fell——

Yet were there magic in the sound of power

Thy too impetuous valour to restrain,

And hold thee from the deathful field, perhaps

I would not now recall it.

BERINO.

Prostrate see

That gratitude, which language cannot speak!

The joy, the hope of long-extended days

Bursting in beams of transport on my soul,

It's feebl' lights oppress——For ever here——

Here let me dwell, the willing slave of love,

No other passion shall dispute the empire

Of my devoted heart—No other guest,
Save friendship, find admittance, fair Avilda,
You will permit me still to love my friend——
Permit, my Ostan, while he lives, to share
My due affection——

AVILDA.

Favourable error !
Would it might last !

BERINO.

Permit my Ostan—Hah !
Horror and death ! where has delirious fancy
With idle dreams seduc'd me—pale he lies—
My friend, my gallant friend, yet unreveng'd—
While I, in luxury of hope and love,
Consume the vacant hour—O injur'd shade !
Neglected truth and honour !

K 3

SCENE

SCENE VI.

AVILDA, BERINO, LOTHER:

LOTHER.

Valiant Chief!

Shall thy hand loiter, while thy bleeding country
Demands it's instant aid? The troops of Norway
With rapid fury press toward the palace,
Already have they broke the lines led on
By our brave Sovereign; who the shock sustaining
With too adventurous and determin'd valour,
Beyond his weight of years, by cruel chance
Is now their prisoner——

AVILDA.

My aged father!

Ah

Ah wretched, lost Avilda ! 'Twas to thee—
To thee this fatal accident was owing,
When all misplac'd thy foolish fears withheld
Berino from the battle; let me fly,
For guilt is in my presence——

S C E N E VII:

LOTHER, BERINO.

LOTHER.

More successful,
The Prince, my father, leads his valiant Danes
Against the lines of Valdemar——To you
He gives the charge of those receding troops
First headed by the King—He bids you rally
The scatter'd force, and at the least sustain
The shew of some resistance——

K 4

BERINO.

BERINO.

Am I worthy

Of such distinguish'd honour—Coward shame,

Burn, burn not on my cheek—Prince I attend you.

SCENE VIII.

VALDEMAR, NORWEGIAN OFFICERS.

VALDEMAR.

Vengeance ! O traitrous vengeance ! thy own throne,

Thy temple was the heart of Valdemar——

There thou wert worship'd with unwearied prayer,

Yet, like a faithless Dæmon as thou art,

Hast thou betray'd him—Curse the frigid souls

Of those Norwegian slaves, who basely fled

Before the smooth-hair'd Dane—Firm as the pine
 On their own blasted mountains have they stood
 When rapine urg'd their fordid arms—but oh !
 When great revenge, when wounded honour call'd,
 How shrunk their dastard souls ! Now all is lost !
 And but one glimpse of vengeance yet remains,
 One curs'd dear hope to soothe my stormy soul !
 Fly, search, my friends, around these winding shades,
 For here by sure intelligence I find
 The Queen of Norway's hid—if fortune yield
 That fair, that faithless Dane once to my power,
 Here, in this grove, whose sacred horror shades
 The Gods of Denmark ; whose old arms surround
 Her Father's palace, and defend the graves
 Of all her Ancestors, here shall she fall——
 Yet not 'till satiate with delightful insult,
 Ingenious vengeance wrings her tortur'd soul

With

With more than Death's own bitterness ; nor then,
 'Till flush'd with conquest, insolent with triumph,
 Th' unconscious Asmond shall return—By Thor,
 By mighty Thor, the thought is worth my kingdom.
 Oh! when elate with victory he comes,
 Then, at that glorious hour, before his eyes,
 Before her father's eyes, then will I plunge
 My poynard to her heart ; and o'er the body,
 Say, with a smile, *Asmond, behold thy daughter !*

OFFICER.

My royal Lord——

VALDEMAR.

Slave! hast thou seen a Dane ?
 Art thou too a Norwegian ? Coward fear
 Dwells on thy cheek——

OFFICER.

OFFICER.

I've seen the Queen of Norway——

VALDEMAR.

And she has made thee tremble—in one moment

Let me behold her——

OFFICER.

She is——

VALDEMAR.

In one moment— { *[Officer departs and immediately returns with other officers, bringing the dead body of the Queen of Norway.]*

She faints with fear——Support her——

OFFICER.

My dread Lord!

Near to the Queen we found this dagger red
With recent stains—More of her death we know not.

VALDEMAR.

Distraction! death! off execrable slaves!
By Earth, and Heaven and Hell she shall not die—
O fled, fled, fled from my revenge—now fortune,
Now I will curse thee; and thou feeble Odin,
Thou helpless founder of my wretched race,
O for the lightning's swiftest beam to blast thee
On thy dishonour'd throne!

S C E N E IX.

VALDEMAR, ASMOND.

*[Attended by Danish soldiers who seize and
carry off the attendants of Valdemar.]*

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

Oh! yes, 'tis o'er——

There the poor victim lies—ill-fated child,

Farewell!

VALDEMAR.

Perdition on thy heart! thy child!

'Tis true the traitress was thy child—She was—

And worthy such a father—but I hop'd

That information which would rend thy soul,

Might be reserv'd for me——

ASMOND.

Norwegian! Hah!

Audacious foe, who art thou——

VALDEMAR.

Thou wilt die

With fear to know——

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

The King of Norway—no—
 Tho' all the storm-nurs'd savages that range
 O'er thy wild hills, and howl for human blood ;
 Tho' the dark fiends, that shake the reeling earth
 And breathe blue pestilence ; tho' Hell itself
 Holds not a heart so horrid, I rejoice
 To meet thee here——

VALDEMAR.

Asmond, behold thy daughter !

ASMOND.

*[Beckoning to his attendants to
 remove the body of Lena.*

Thy power of villainy is spent, but tell me
 If by thy cursed hand the victim fell——

VALDEMAR.

That I could wish to tell thee——

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

'Tis enough——

For the base motives of thy hellish rapine

I ask thee not——

VALDEMAR.

And, therefore, thou shalt know them——

In the records of Norway still subsists

An ancient prophecy, that when her Monarch

Espous'd the daughter of a Prince of Denmark

The crowns should be united—Endless discord

Between the rival kingdoms still prevented

A friendly contract—but whate'er my means,

Ambition was my motive—Great ambition

To reign o'er thee and Denmark—Yet thou prophet,

Thou false, insidious prophet! could I find

Thy execrable dust—the rapid winds

Should rend each sleeping atom!——

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

False he was not——

Henceforth the Crowns of Denmark and of Norway
Shall be united—Wouldst thou not be witness
To that event? then render to my sword
The life thou long hast ow'd it——

VALDEMAR.

[Draws: they fight: Valdemar falls.]

Gods of Norway!

Am I prevented?

ASMOND.

The sure hand of justice
Has sped the blow, and I am satisfied.

SCENE

SCENE X.

CANUTE, ASMOND, LOTHER, BERINO.

ASMOND.

My royal father too return'd in safety !
The Gods are gracious.

CANUTE.

Are these sacred shades
Defil'd with slaughter ? Or is this the body
Of some brave friend ?

ASMOND.

'Twas once the King of Norway——

CANUTE.

Ha !

VOL. II.

L

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

Here he hop'd to find the hapless Lena,
 And glut his savage vengeance, but in death
 She first had taken refuge—To my sword
 He yields—this moment, yields his forfeit life.

CANUTE.

Tho' 'twas thy due, I envy thee the blow,
 By which the ruffian fell.—At last, my son,
 Our conquest is complete—and tho' 'tis bought
 With one devoted life of Denmark's race,
 More lasting peace will follow—Norway's now
 A province of our own : for the whole force
 Of Valdemar was spent in this invasion.
 Much honour, many thanks, my gallant sons,
 Await your valiant deeds; and this brave Chief,
 Whose timely aid and animating spirit

Recall'd

Recall'd the scatter'd troops, and rescued me
From short captivity—What meed is due
To such distinguish'd worth?

ASMOND.

Might I determine—
Make him your viceroy on the throne of Norway,
And let the fair Avilda, whose affection
He long hath won, be his associate there.

CANUTE.

Thou art a liberal giver, but thy bounty
I will not now restrain.

BERINO.

O let me offer
My truest, humblest duty!

L 2

Lo-

LOTHER.

Be it mine
To bear the grateful message to Avilda !
Be Lother's meed to make, or to behold
The happiness of others !

CANUTE.

Thou, my Asinond,
Alone, art to be pitied—Had Misfortune,
With all her train, pursued thy hapless offspring,
She might have been preserv'd—but guilt prevented :
THE STINGS OF GUILT WOUND DEEPER THAN

MISFORTUNE.

Yet let the merits of thy own good heart
Defend thee from distress—the shield of Virtue
Alike should save the bosom that it shades
From inward sufferings and from outward evils.

THE END.

TRANSLATIONS.

L 3

TRANSLATIONS

THE
DEATH OF ADONIS.

From the GREEK of BION*.

M DCC LIX.

ADONIS dead, the muse of woe shall mourn;
ADONIS dead, the weeping loves return.
The queen of beauty o'er his tomb shall shed
Her flowing sorrows for ADONIS dead;

* Bion, the pastoral poet, lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. By the epithet *Σμυρναῖος*, every where applied to him, it is probable that he was born at Smyrna. Moschus confirms this, when he says to the river Meles, which had before wept for Homer,

— Nun παλιν αλλον

Ἰλια δακρυεις —

It is evident however that he spent much of his time in Sicily. Moschus, as he tells us, was his scholar; and by him we are inform'd, that his master was not a poor poet. "Thou hast left to others thy riches, says he, but to me thy poetry." It appears from the same author, that he died by poison. The best edition of his works, is that of Paris, by M. de Longe-Picrre, with a French translation.

For Earth's cold lap her velvet couch forego,
 And robes of purple for the weeds of woe.
 ADONIS dead, the muse of woe shall mourn.
 ADONIS dead, the weeping loves return.

ADONIS *dead, &c.*] ADONIS, the favourite of Venus, was the son of Cynaras, king of Cyprus. His chief employment was hunting, tho' he is represented by Virgil as a shepherd,

Oves ad Flumina pavit Adonis.

He was killed by a wild boar, if we may believe Propertius, in Cyprus.

— *Percussit Adoniam*

Venantem idalio vertice durus Aper.

The anniversary of his death was celebrated through the whole Pagan world. Aristophanes, in his Comedy of Peace, reckons the feast of Adonis among the chief festivals of the Athenians. The Syrians observed it with all the violence of grief, and the greatest cruelty of self-castigation. It was celebrated at Alexandria in St. Cyril's time; and when Julian, the Apostate, made his entry at Antioch, in the year 362, they were celebrating the feast of Adonis.

The ancients differ greatly in their accounts of this divinity. Athenæus says, that he was the favourite of Bacchus. Plutarch maintains, that he and Bacchus are the same, and that the Jews abstain'd from swine's flesh because Adonis was killed by a boar. Ausonius, Epig. 30. affirms that Bacchus, Osiris, and Adonis are one and the same,

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on this mountain thy torn lover lies.
 Weep, queen of beauty ! for he bleeds—he dies.
 Ah ! yet behold life's last drops faintly flow,
 In streams of purple, o'er those limbs of snow !
 From the pale cheek the perish'd roses fly ;
 And death dims slow the ghastly-gazing eye.
 Kifs, kifs those fading lips, ere chill'd in death ;
 With soothing fondness stay the fleeting breath.
 'Tis vain—ah ! give the soothing fondness o'er !
 ADONIS feels the warm salute no more.

ADONIS dead, the muse of woe shall mourn.

ADONIS dead, the weeping loves return.

His faithful dogs bewail their master slain,

And mourning dryads pour the plaintive strain.

Not

His faithful dogs, &c.—The queen of beauty, &c.] The lines in the original run thus :

Αγριον αγριον ἔλκῃ· ἔχει κατὰ μέρον Ἀδωνίς.
 Μειζὺν δ' ἂ Κυδερεια φέρει ποτικαρδιον ἔλκῃ.
 Κεῖνον μὲν περὶ πᾶντα φίλοι κυνὲς ὤρυσαντο,
 Καὶ Νυμφαὶ κλαίουσιν ὀρειάδης.

The

Not the fair youth alone the wound oppress,
 The queen of beauty bears it in her breast.
 Her feet unsandal'd, floating wild her hair,
 Her aspect woeful, and her bosom bare,
 Distrest, she wanders the wild wastes forlorn,
 Her sacred limbs by ruthless brambles torn.
 Loud as she grieves, surrounding rocks complain,
 And echo thro' the long vales calls her absent swain.
 ADONIS hears not: Life's last drops fall slow,
 In streams of purple, down his limbs of snow.
 The weeping Cupids round their queen deplore,
 And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.

The two first of these lines contain a kind of witticism, which it was better to avoid. — This author had, however, too much true genius to be fond of these little affected turns of expression, which Musæus and others have been industrious to strike out.

These four verses are transposed in the translation for the sake of the connection.

Distrest, she wanders, &c.] This image of the sorrow of Venus is very affecting, and is introduced in this place with great beauty and propriety. Indeed, most modern poets seem to have observed it, and have profited by it in their scenes of elegiac woe.

Each

Each rival grace, that glow'd with conscious pride,
 Each charm of Venus with ADONIS dy'd.

ADONIS dead, the vocal hills bemoan,
 And hollow groves return the saddening groan.
 The swelling floods with sea-born Venus weep,
 And roll in mournful murmurs to the deep :
 In melting tears the mountain-springs comply ;
 The flow'rs, low-drooping, blush with grief, and die.

The swelling floods, &c.] When the poet makes the rivers mourn for Venus, he very properly calls her Αφροδίτα; but this propriety perhaps was merely accidental, as he has given her the same appellation when she wanders the desert.

The flow'rs, low-drooping, blush, &c.]

Ανδρα δ' ἐξ ὀδυας ἐρυθραίνεωαι. —————

Paleness being the known effect of grief, we do not at first sight accept this expression; but when we consider that the first emotions of it are attended with blushes, we are pleased with the observation.

Cythera's

Cythera's groves with strains of sorrow ring;
 The dirge funereal her sad cities sing.
 Hark ! pitying echoes Venus' sighs return ;
 When Venus sighs, can aught forbear to mourn ?

But when she saw her fainting lover lie,
 The wide wound gaping on the withering thigh ;
 But streaming when she saw Life's purple tide,
 Stretch'd her fair arms, with trembling voice she cry'd :
 Yet stay, lov'd youth ! a moment ere we part,
 O let me kiss thee ! — hold thee to my heart !

Cythera's groves, &c.]

ἢ δὲ Κυθήρη

Παντας ἀνα κναμῶς καὶ ἀνα πτόλιν ὀϊστὺν ἀειδεῖ.

This passage the scholiasts have entirely misunderstood. They make Κυθήρη *Venus*, for which they have neither any authority, the Doric name she borrows from that island being always Κυθρησία, nor the least probability from the connection.

This proves that the island Cythera was the place where Adonis perish'd, notwithstanding the opinion of Propertius and others to the contrary.

A little moment, dear ADONIS ! stay !
 And kiss thy Venus, ere those lips are clay.
 Let those dear lips by mine once more be prest,
 'Till thy last breath expire into my breast ;
 Then, when life's ebbing pulse scarce scarce can move,
 I'll catch thy soul, and drink thy dying love.
 That last-left pledge shall sooth my tortur'd breast,
 When thou art gone ———
 When, far from me, thy gentle ghost explores
 Infernal Pluto's grimly-glooming shores.

Wretch that I am ! immortal and divine,
 In life imprison'd whom the fates confine.
 He comes ! receive him to thine Iron-arms ;
 Blest queen of death ! receive the prince of charms.
 Far happier thou, to whose wide realms repair
 Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.

The

The smiles of joy, the golden hours are fled :
Grief, only grief, survives ADONIS dead.

The loves around in idle sorrow stand,
And the dim torch falls from the vacant hand.
Hence the vain zone ! the myrtle's flow'ry pride !
Delight and beauty with ADONIS died.

Why didst thou, vent'rous, the wild chase explore,
From his dark lair to rouse the tusky boar ?
Far other sport might those fair limbs essay,
Than the rude combat, or the savage fray.

Thus Venus griev'd—the Cupids round deplore ;
And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.
Now flowing tears in silent grief complain,
Mix with the purple streams, and flood the plain.
Yet not in vain those sacred drops shall flow,
The purple streams in blushing roses glow :

And catching life from ev'ry falling tear,
 Their azure heads anemonies shall rear.

But cease in vain to cherish dire despair,
 Nor mourn unpitied to the mountain-air,
 The last sad office let thy hand supply,
 Stretch the stiff limbs, and close the glaring eye.
 That form repos'd beneath the bridal vest,
 May cheat thy sorrows with the feint of rest.
 For lovely smile those lips, tho' void of breath,
 And fair those features in the shade of death.
 Haste, fill with flow'rs, with rosy wreaths his bed.
 Perish the flow'rs! the Prince of beauty's dead.
 Round the pale corse each breathing essence strew,
 Let weeping myrtles pour their balmy dew.
 Perish the balms, unable to restore
 Those vital sweets of love that charm no more!

'Tis

'Tis done.—Behold, with purple robes array'd,
 In mournful state the clay-cold limbs are laid.
 The loves lament with all the rage of woe,
 Stamp on the dart, and break the useless bow.
 Officious these the watry urn supply,
 Unbind the buskin'd leg, and wash the bleeding thigh.
 O'er the pale body those their light wings wave,
 As yet, tho' vain, solicitous to save.

All, wild with grief, their hapless queen deplore,
 And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.
 Dejected hymen droops his head forlorn,
 His torch extinct, and flow'ry tresses torn :
 For nuptial airs, and songs of joy, remain
 The sad, slow dirge, the sorrow-breathing strain.
 Who wou'd not, when ADONIS dies, deplore?
 Who wou'd not weep when Hymen smiles no more?

The graces mourn the prince of beauty slain,
 Loud as Dione on her native main :
 The fates relenting join the general woe,
 And call the lover from the realms below.
 Vain, hopeless grief ! can living sounds pervade
 The dark, dead regions of eternal shade ?
 Spare, Venus, spare that too luxuriant tear
 For the long sorrows of the mournful year.

For the long, &c.] Numa seems to have borrow'd the custom
 he instituted of mourning a year for the deceased from the Greeks.
 For though it is said only ten months were set apart, yet ten
 months were the year of Romulus till regulated by his successor.

EXTRAIT D'UNE ODE SUR LA
MEDIOCRITE.

PAR M. GRESSET.

SEDUITS par d'aveugles idoles
Du Bonheur ; fantomes frivoles,
Le vulgaire & les grands ne te suivirent pas :
Tu n' eus pour sujets que ses sages
Qui doivent l'estime des âges
A la sagesse, acquise en marchant sur tes pas.

Tu vis nâîtres dans tes Retraites
Ces nobles et tendres poètes,
Dont la voix n'eut jamais forme de sons brillans,
Si le fracas de la fortune
Ou si indigence importune
Eût troublé leur silence, ou caché leurs talens.

Mais

THE HAPPINESS OF A MODE-
RATE FORTUNE AND MO-
DERATE DESIRES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MR. GRESSET.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLX.

O GODDESS of the golden mean,
Whom still misjudging folly flies,
Seduc'd by each delusive scene ;
Thy only subjects are the wise.
These seek thy paths with nobler aim,
And trace them to the gates of Fame.

See foster'd in thy fav'ring shade,
Each tender bard of verse divine !
Who, lur'd by fortune's vain parade,
Had never form'd the tuneful line;
By fortune lur'd or want confin'd,
Whose cold hand chills the genial mind.

Mais en vain tu fuyois la gloire :
 La renommé, et la victoire
 Vinrent dans tes déserts se choisir des héros,
 Mieux formés par tes loix stoïques,
 Aux vertus, aux faits héroïques
 Que parmi la mollesse, et l'orgueil des faisceaux.

Pour Mars tu formois, loin des villes
 Les FABRICES, et les CAMILLES,
 Et ses sages vainqueurs, philosophes guerriers
 Qui, du char de la Dictature
 Descendant a l'agriculture,
 Sur tes secrets autels rapportoient leurs lauriers.

Trop heureux, Dêite paisible,
 Le mortel sagement sensible,
 Qui jamais loin de toi a porté ses desirs,
 Par sa douce mélancholie,
 Sauvé de l'humaine folie,
 Dans la vérité seul il cherche ses plaisirs.

In vain you flight the flowery crown,
 That fame wreathes round the favour'd head !
 Whilst laurell'd victory and renown
 Their heroes from thy shades have led ;
 There form'd, from courtly softness free,
 By rigid virtue and by thee.

By thee were form'd, from cities far,
 FABRICIUS just, CAMILLUS wise,
 Those philosophic sons of war,
 That from imperial dignities
 Returning, plough'd their native plain,
 And plac'd their laurels in thy fane.

Thrice happy he, on whose calm breast
 The smiles of peaceful wisdom play,
 With all thy sober charms possess'd,
 Whose wishes never learnt to stray.
 Whom truth, of pleasures pure but grave,
 And pensive thoughts from folly save,

Ignoré de la multitude,
 Libre de tout servitude,
 Il n'envia jamais, les grands biens, les grand noms,
 Il n'ignore point que la foudre
 A plus souvent réduit en poudre
 Le pin de monts altiers, que l'ormeau des valons

Sourd aux censures populaires,
 Il ne craint point les yeux vulgaires,
 Son œil perce au-delà de leur foible horizon :
 Quelques bruits que la foule en sème,
 Il est satisfait de lui-même,
 S'il a scû meriter l'aveu de la raison.

Il rit du sort, quand les conquêtes
 Promenant de têtes en têtes
 Les couronnes du nord, ou celles du midi :
 Rien n'altère sa paix profonde,
 Et les derniers instans du monde
 N'épouvanteroient point son cœur encor hardi.

Amitié

Far from the crowd's low-thoughted strife,
 From all that bounds fair freedom's aim,
 He envies not the pomp of life,
 A length of rent-roll, or of name :
 For safe he views the vale-grown elm,
 While thunder-sounding storms the mountain pine
 o'erwhelm.

Of censure's frown he feels no dread,
 No fear he knows of vulgar eyes,
 Whose thought, to nobler objects led,
 Far, far o'er their horizon flies :
 With reason's suffrage at his side,
 Whose firm heart rests self-satisfied.

And while alternate conquest sways
 The northern, or the southern shore,
 He smiles at Fortune's giddy maze,
 And calmly hears the wild storm roar.
 Ev'n Nature's groans, unmov'd with fear,
 And bursting worlds he'd calmly hear.

Amitié, charmante immortelle,
 Tu choisis à fi cœur fidèle
 Peu d'amis mais constans, vertueux comme lui :
 Tu ne crains point que le caprice,
 Que l'intérêt les désunisse,
 Ou verse sur leurs jours les poisons de l'ennui.

Ami des frugales demeures,
 Sommeil pendant les sombres heures,
 Tu repans sur ses yeux tes songes favoris ;
 Ecartant ces songes funèbres
 Qui, parmi l'effroi des ténèbres,
 Vont reveiller les grands sous les riches lambris.

C'est pour ce bonheur légitime
 Que le modeste ABDOLONYME
 N'acceptoit qu'à regret le sceptre de Sidon :
 Plus libre dans un fort champêtre,
 Et plus heureux qu'il ne scût l'être
 Sur le trône éclatant des ayeux de DIDON.

C'est

Such are the faithful hearts you love,
 O FRIENDSHIP fair, immortal maid;
 The few *caprice* could never move,
 The few whom *interest* never sway'd;
 Nor shed unseen, with hate refin'd,
 The pale cares o'er the gloomy mind.

Soft sleep, that lov'ft the peaceful cell,
 On these descends thy balmy power;
 While no terrific dreams dispell
 The flumbers of the sober hour;
 Which oft, array'd in darknefs drear,
 Wake the wild eye of pride to fear,

Content with all a farm would yield,
 Thus SIDON's monarch liv'd unknown,
 And figh'd to leave his little field,
 For the long glories of a throne——
 There once more happy and more free,
 Than rank'd with DIDO's ancestry.

With

C'est par ces vertus pacifiques
 Par ces plaisirs philosophiques
 Que tu sçais, cher R***, remplir d'utiles jours,
 Dans ce Tivoli solitaire,
 Où le CHER de son onde claire
 Vient à l'aimable LOIRE associer le cours.

Fidèle à ce sage système,
 Là, dans l'étude de toi-même,
 Chaque soleil te voit occuper tes loisirs ;
 Dans le brillant fracas du monde,
 Ton nom, ta probité profonde.
 T'eut donné plus d'eclat, mais moins de vrais plaisirs.

With these pacific virtues blest,

These charms of philosophic ease,

Wrapt in your RICHMOND's tranquil rest,

You pass, dear C——, your useful days.

Where THAMES your silent vallies laves,

Proud of his yet untainted waves.

Should life's more public scenes engage

Your time that thus consistent flows,

And following still these maxims sage

For ever brings the same repose ;

Your worth may greater fame procure,

But hope not happiness so pure.

TRANS-

[101]

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TRANSLATIONS
FROM
PETRARCH.

SONETTO CLXXIX.

IN nobil sangue vita umile e queta,
 Ed in alto intelletto un puro core;
 Frutto senile in ful giovenil fiori,
 E'n aspetto pensoso anima lieta,
 Raccolto ha 'n questa Donna 'l suo pianeta,
 Anzi 'l re delle stelle; e 'l vero onore,
 Le degne lode, e 'l gran pregio, e 'l valore,
 Ch' è da stancar ogni divin poeta.
 Amor s'è in lei con onestate aggiunto;
 Con Beltà naturale abito adorno;
 Ed un atto, che parla con silenzio;
 E non so, che negli occhi, che 'n un punto
 Può far chiara la notte, oscuro il giorno,
 E 'l mel amaro, ed addolcir l' assenzio.

SONNET CLXXIX.

MDCCLXV.

TH O' nobly born, to humble life resign'd;
 The purest heart, the most enlighten'd mind;
 A vernal flower that bears the fruits of age!
 A chearful spirit, with an aspect sage,—
 The power that rules the planetary train
 To her has given, nor shall his gifts be vain.
 But on her worth, her various praise to dwell,
 The truth, the merits of her life to tell,
 The muse herself would own the task too hard,
 Too great the labour for the happiest bard.
 Dress that derives from native beauty grace,
 And love that holds with honesty his place;
 Action that speaks—and eyes whose piercing ray
 Might kindle darkness, or obscure the day!

* * * * *

SONNET

SONETTO CCLXXIX.

ROTTA è l'alta colonna, e'l verde lauro,
 Che facean ombra al mio stanco pensiero :
 Perdut' ho quel, che ritrovar non spero
 Dal Borea all' Austro, O dal Mar Indo al Mauro,
 Tolto m'hai, morte, il mio doppio Tesauro,
 Che mi fea viver lieto, e gire altero ;
 E ristorar nol può terra, nè impero,
 Nè gemma oriental, nè forza d'auro,
 Ma se consentimento è di destino ;
 Che poss' io più, se no aver l' alma trista ;
 Umidi gli occhi sempre, e'l viso chino ?
 O nostra vita, ch' è sì bella in vista ;
 Com' per de agevolmente in un mattino
 Quel, che 'n molt' anni a gran pena s'aquista !

SONETTO

S O N N E T.

M D C C L X V.

F A L L ' N the fair column, blasted is the bay,
That shaded once my solitary shore !

I've lost what hope can never give me more,

Tho' sought-from Indus to the closing day.

My twofold treasure death has snatch'd away,

My pride, my pleasure left me to deplore ;

What fields far-cultur'd, nor imperial sway,

Nor orient gold, nor jewels can restore.

O destiny severe of human kind !

What portion have we unbedew'd with tears ?

The downcast visage, and the pensive mind

Thro' the thin veil of smiling life appears ;

And in one moment vanish into wind

The hard-earn'd fruits of long, laborious years.

S O N E T T O CCLVII.

OV' è la fronte, che con picciol Cenno
 Volgea 'l mio core in questa parte, e' n quella ?
 Ov' é 'l bel ciglio, e l' una, e l' altra stella
 Ch' al corso di mio viver lume denno ?
 Ov' è 'l valor, la conoscenza, e 'l fenno,
 L' accorta, onesta, umil, dolce favella ?
 Ove son le bellezze accolte in ella,
 Che gran tempo di me lor voglia fenno ?
 Ov' è l'ombra gentil del viso humano ;
 Ch' ora e riposo dava all' alma stanca,
 E là, 've e miei pensier scritti eran tutti ?
 Ov' e' colei, che mia vita ebbe in mano ?
 Quanto al misero mondo, e quanto manca
 A gli occhi miei ! che mai non sieno asciutti.

S O N E T T O

SONNET CCLVII.

MDCCLXV.

WHERE is that face, whose slightest air could
move

My trembling heart, and strike the springs of love ?

That Heaven, where two fair stars, with genial ray,

Shed their kind influence on my life's dim way ?

Where are that science, sense and worth confest,

That speech by virtue, by the graces drest ?

Where are those beauties, where those charms combin'd,

That caus'd this long captivity of mind ?

Where the dear shade of all that once was fair,

The source, the solace of each amorous care ;

My heart's sole sovereign, nature's only boast ?

—Lost to the world, to me for ever lost !

SONETTO CCXXXVIII.

SE lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde
 Mover soavemente all aura estiva,
 O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
 S' ode d' una fiorita e fresca riva;
 Là, 'v 'io feggia d' amor pensoso, e scriva;
 Lei che 'l ciel ne mostrò, terra n' asconde,
 Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo: ch' ancor viva
 Di sì lontano a' sospir miei risponde.
 Deh, perchè inanzi tempo ti consume?
 Mi dice con pietate: a che pur versi
 Degli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?
 Di me non pianger tu, che miei dè ferfi,
 Morendo, eterni, e nell 'eterno lume,
 Quando mostrai di chiuder gli occhi aperti.

S O N N E T CCXXXVIII,

MDCCLXV.

WAIL'D the sweet warbler to the lonely shade ;
 Trembled the green leaf to the summer gale ;
 Fell the fair stream in murmurs down the dale,
 It's banks, it's flowery banks with verdure spread,
 Where, by the charm of pensive Fancy led,
 All as I fram'd the love-lamenting tale,
 Came the dear object whom I still bewail,
 Came from the regions of the chearless dead :
 And why, she cried, untimely wilt thou die ?
 Ah why, for pity, shall those mournful tears,
 Start in wild sorrow from that languid eye ?
 Cherish no more those visionary fears,
 For me, who range yon light-invested sky !
 For me, who triumph in eternal years !

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